THE TATLER

APRIL, 1921

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A Few April Showers

A BROADWAY lounge lizard was run over by a road roller the other day and his friends were surprised to see how it had broadened his mind.

The old original April fool is the one who believes that a chorus girl loves him for himself alone.

Fifteen Philadelphia ministers have designed a "moral gown," which comes within three inches of the throat and is no more than seven inches from the ground. But, who will wear it?

The only proof of spring that we know of is the fact that the girls are getting their furs out of storage.

Women threaten to uncover their ears for the first time in a decade, but don't they hear enough now?

The talk of disarmament is in the air but it will be a long time before the Broadway girls give up their smokeless powder.

New York horses have dwindled from 118,000 to 76,000 in one year and horse sense has decreased at about the same ratio.

One Fourteenth St. clothing house advertises "Pants, $2.19 a leg. Seats Free."

In spite of the fact that the "best minds" have been called to conference by President Harding, none of the theatrical managers is missing from Broadway.

One Broadway actor is in favor of keeping the tax and letting the government have the income.

New York runs under two kinds of time—eastern Standard and Wrist Watch.

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby
Vice-President and Secretary

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WALTER E. COLBY
Editor

William Mendelssohn
Business Manager

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Oh Joy: We Can Kiss On Sunday

FOR some time there has been a doubt about it. The reformers who are interpreting our laws for us have been on the trail of this and that and it has been alleged that they would not allow a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, this being almost as great a crime as whistling or reading a Sunday newspaper.

But we are charmed to learn that they will allow a man to kiss his wife or anybody else who is willing to be kissed. Dr. Harry L. Bowlby of the Blue Law Alliance has recently made a speech in New York wherein he said:

"The Lord's Day Alliance is not opposed to kissing on Sunday or on any other day. It is a very enjoyable osculatory exercise."

There is a lot of good news in this speech for some people and a lot of bad news for others. If kissing were prohibited entirely it would save some aged millionaires a lot of money. Just the other day a Maryland jury gave a woman $10,000 for a kiss which she alleged had been purloined by a rich man while he was undergoing a manicure. She asked for $40,000 but the jury evidently decided that was a form of profiteering and that no kiss was worth more than the amount awarded. It is not known how much has been spent for kisses in this country in the past ten years but probably enough to pay off the national debt.

However expensive, kissing is something that the American public must have and it is downright kind of the Blue Law committee to allow it. We don't know how they could ever have stopped it because if they had tried, the country would be flooded with illegal bootleg kisses and these sub-rosa ones, WE HAVE HEARD TELL, are the best.

"SOCIETY"

SOCIETY is on the stage.

Society is in the moving pictures.

Society is promoting championship prize-fights.

Society is building racing motor-boats and airplanes.

Society is coming out strongly against the Puritanical laws.

Society is getting interested in baseball and is even shooting craps.

Society is backing musical comedies and is marrying grand opera singers now and then.

Society is banding together to effect the abolishment of the burdensome income taxation.

Society is getting into politics and is making speeches and fighting the radical Bolsheviki element.

Society, in fact, after many weary years, is proving that there is a little red blood circulating in its system.

It is about time.

When men become famous, they begin to pose for a statue. When women become famous, they begin to pose for a man.



The last photograph posed by unfortunate Lillian Lorraine before she met with the accident which ended her famous career as a show girl and star

Geisler and Andrews

Calling It a Day

THE Lounge Lizard—He rises at noon and gives himself an hour's strenuous mental discipline deciding which scarf he will wear. He puts his trick moustache through its tricks. He saunters forth with a six-ounce cane, which he can lift as high as his head to signal a taxi. He goes to one of his favorite haunts and lifts three loaded tea-cups in quick succession. He dresses for dinner, brushing his own hair and everything. He makes one bright remark during the evening—by accident. He retires at one a. m. in a fatigued condition.

The Prize Fighter—He rises in time to knock the iceman playfully down a flight of steps. He eats corn beef and cabbage for breakfast. He goes out for a stroll on the Bowery and beats up a couple of plain clothes men. He downs a couple of shots of fusel oil. He jumps into a taxi after dinner and runs up on Fifth Avenue, where he has an engagement to knock out a pair of bruisers at a society affair of the Four Hundred. He dances with a subdeb, and pinches a dowager. He goes home and knocks down the janitor.

The Home Brewer—He rises at dawn, and rinses out seven dozen bottles. He siphons fourteen gallons of three weeks' old stuff from one jar into another. He siphons it back again. He goes out and buys some more sugar. He rinses three hundred and fifty more bottles. He siphons some two weeks' old stuff back and forth until noon. He goes out and buys some more raisins. He stirs syrup. He puts something on to boil. It boils over. So does his wife. He siphons several dozen bottles. He corks them. He tastes a little of his ten weeks' old stuff. He goes to bed—for three days.

BROADWAY DEFINITIONS

TACT: Tact is what prevents a gray-haired old rounder with wrinkles in his face from reminding a youthful-looking woman in knee-length skirt that they were boy and girl together.

Thrift: Thrift is what causes the telephone company to issue an order to the effect that no operator shall tell you the time of day. Instead of saying "Eight o'clock," she saves a lot of time by saying: "We are not permitted, under the rules of the company, to give you the time of day."

Telephone: An instrument of torture which works assiduously only when someone wants to get you to whom you do not want to talk.

Theater: A place where people go to talk business, politics, fashions, gossip and everything except theatricals.

Tea Room: A place patronized by people who have been told by their physicians not to eat very much.

Twaddle: A sort of argument used by a Blue Sunday orator.

WE CAN BE BRIBED!

WE are opposed to the blue laws. We knock 'em every chance we get. We shall fight 'em to the last ditch, and when we get to the last ditch, we're going to try to bury them in it.

However, there's one condition on which we will go over to the other side. If they want our vote, they can have it—on our terms. We shall come out on a blue law platform, on condition that the blue laws are rewritten to include:

People who eat candy in crackly paper wrappers.

People who repeat the anecdotes and cute sayings of their five-year-old future presidents.

People who tell about the wonderful liquor they had last night.

People who tell how the country should be run—in a smoking car.

People who boast about their ancestors.

People who jingle keys in their pockets while they're talking.

People who carry an umbrella with the point sticking out behind.

"I Hear—"

Intimate Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

By THE TATLER

BROADWAY is turning its jaded eyes on an unaccustomed romance. Its incandescent-burned and wearied orbs are being refreshed by a love story as sweet and simple as the first wood violets of spring.

The heroine is pretty little Genevieve Tobin, who is revealing a Maude Adamsy talent in "Little Old New York" at the Plymouth Theatre. Across Forty-Fifth street the sign "The Skin Game" blazes above the Bijou. When Miss Tobin's dainty form flits into the stage door a tall, fair-haired youth stands at the door of the Bijou Theatre and looks after it with keenly personal light in his boyish blue eyes. He is William A. Brady, Jr. He is business manager of "The Skin Game." His price for continuing at Columbia College this year was the management of the Galsworthy play.

He had met Genevieve Tobin while she was appearing under his father's management with Wilton Lackaye at The Playhouse. But he was still more lanky and bashful then and ever so much younger. A year is a great slice out of a man's life when he has only contrived to accumulate two and twenty twelve-months. But since they have become working neighbors on the tributary to Broadway, accident has brought about a renewal of their acquaintance.

The manager of the counter attraction lends his support to a rival one. At least to the extent of heaping compliment upon compliment in his praise of the young leading woman and of escorting her home and to dances.

Whether this bud of romance will be chilled by the frost of separation when "Little Old New York" goes on the road, or whether its roots are deep enough to flourish without the aid of propinquity, is a matter of deep and tender concern to The Street.

One element that favors permanency in this young affection is their common interest in the theatre. Their family ties are all of the stage. "Bill" has said he would never marry until he found a girl as lovely as his sister, Alice.

Well?

John Barrymore, discoursing to and sunning himself in the adulation of a group of adoring matinee maids, said: "Screen work is harder than stage work. The screen takes you down to your stomach."

Girls are funny creatures. They're not nearly so afraid of having thick heads as they are of having thick ankles.

In one of the exclusive Fifth Avenue hotels the widow of a western millionaire watches the progress of her son's marriage. Three months ago the callow youth, who had not yet voted, married a beauteous show girl, well known of the Rialto. So great was her pulchritude that one may safely revive an old phrase about her and call her "The toast of the town." But alas for the permanence of human happiness! This human rose has a thorn. She is addicted to the cup that may contain wood alcohol. The addiction was known to the wealthy widow when her son brought home his bride. The western widow spoke plainly to the pair.

"I put you both on probation," she said. "My son, you must go to work. My daughter-in-law, you must fight your foe. If after two years you, my son, come to me and prove that you have supported your wife, and that she has abstained from the liquor habit, I will consider helping you. But not before."

Visions which the somewhat tired show girl had of home, and ease, and affluence paled and vanished in the farthest distance. Her little daughter, aged six, must be maintained. The pair resolved itself into a committee of ways and means. The way it decided led back to the stage. The show girl has returned to the stage. Her bridegroom, who is five years younger than herself, is revolving satellite-like about her, and sharing the contents of her pay envelope.

A watched pot never boils, but a watched woman usually boils over.

(*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from page* 5)

Of what strange ingredients is an enchantress compounded? One who is dancing in a Broadway production is richly endowed with them, whatever they are.

The street looked through its glasses at a situation not yet seen on the stage. A tall young critic was forced by the exactions of newspaper life to witness the performance and write a critique of the work of the enchantress who, a few brief years ago, had cruelly jilted him. Jilting of critics and others are not uncommon. But this young critic was overwhelmed by the turn in his heart affairs and was convinced that life held no more savor for him. He felt that there was nothing to live for. But the years, and a marriage in the rebound, healed to some extent his wounds, even though the scar is deep and distinctly visible. He still talks of her loveliness and her art to those who are interested in the art Terpsichorean. His brief review of the play in which she appeared alluded to her as "one of the greatest dancers of her time," and informed us "there were lovely moments and these were chiefly" the dancer's.

Another metropolitan critic who greatly admired her was induced to go to a cabaret with her. Arrived there she, by her subtle art, persuaded him to dance with her. The critic, who is ponderous and far from his youth, fell and broke his arm. By his explanation of that incident to his wife he qualified for a best selling novelist. He has since been divorced.

The dancer, who is not of this country, is not especially beautiful. But she is immensely attractive to the human male. A young and usually serious multi-millionaire erstwhile grovelled at her feet. A famous English author and a statesman as famous were rivals for her favor. From the house of one she fled in the company of a Cossack officer to the war lines. He was killed in battle and she returned to the cafes seeking and soon finding comfort. New York will offer her new quarters for conquest.

I think it is time to get up an entertainment, the proceeds of which shall go to the devastated Liberty Bond holders of America.

Theatregoers wonder why Ruth Chatterton in her curtain speeches never alludes to Maude Adams. Since she is appearing in the role written for that beloved actress, temporarily incapacitated, to mention the missing one would have been a graceful act. Omitting that mention has not increased her popularity with audiences or the profession.

I never see the newspaper pictures of an engaged royal couple that I don't feel sorry for both of them.

Smiles, sophisticated wags of the head and "Don't you knows?" answers the query: "Why was Irene Castle Treman's contract to dance in London broken?"

Mrs. Treman did not herself break it. She will go to London in May. She will dance in London, even though under different management. It was the British management upon which the onus of the unfulfilled engagement falls. And behind this breach of faith looms the story of the influence of another dancer who declined to appear on the same programme with a rival in grace.

Since the return of Jansci Dolly to these United States rumors of a divorce from Harry Fox are loud. This is the second sundering of the love ties of the temperamental pair. This one promises to be permanent.

Why, O why, did Lillian Gish abandon David Wark Griffith's management after successive triumphs under his banner?

"It was money," said the gifted young actress. "I had to look to the future. Mr. Griffith is the richest of the directors in genius, but because he does his work so lavishly and splendidly, is one of the poorest in purse. I did not care about starring."

A member of Tetrazzinni's retinue says that the woman with the wondrous voice has individual methods of sustaining her top notes. She does it, he says, by the blood of the beef.

"On the days when Madame is to sing she eats nothing. But she orders a large quantity of beef, sometimes as much as sixty pounds, and has it pressed by an enormous hand press. From this she derives a glass or a glass and a half of blood. She sips this blood and becomes strong. She also has oxygen pumped into her throat. Blood and air strengthen her

(*Continued on page* 8)

Marilynn Miller, the Toast of Broadway



(*Continued from page 6*)
for the performance. When she has sung she loosens her stays and orders spaghetti."

No, the member of the retinue is not her press agent. Yes, I believe it.

Massachusetts man who speaks ten languages has just married a woman who speaks only seven, but we'll bet on the lady.

David Belasco enjoyed the shortest run he has ever had on Broadway recently. Not only did he stage it, but he appeared in it in person, playing opposite a certain ticket speculator. Belasco was about to step into his car when he overheard the "spec" offering a balcony seat to "Deburau" at $3. He turned around and started after him, but the speculator, evidently realizing that the sturdy figure with the white hair wasn't a prospective customer, but "meant business," showed a clean pair of heels. Bystanders declare that the producer showed good form as a sprinter, and that his performance could be repeated nightly to crowded houses.

A certain handsome actor, twice married and twice divorced, met one of his former wives at an after-theatre supper in one of the exclusive dance places recently and under the influence of some particularly good Scotch proposed to her all over again—and was accepted. The marriage was arranged for nine o'clock the next morning, and the actor hurried back to his hotel to catch a little sleep. On the way, he fell in with a friend and asked him to be best man. Whereupon, they both went up to the actor's home and staged a long series of toasts in honor of the coming affair. After about the tenth one, they fell asleep. The actor was awakened by the best-man-to-be. "Wake up, old man," he said. "It's almost nine o'clock now, and we've got to find a minister. We'll be late." The actor jumped out of bed and hurried to the phone. "Sorry, my dear, but I'll be a few minutes late. We won't be long." "Say," came over the wire. "That marriage is off. You're twenty-four hours late. This isn't Tuesday—it's Wednesday."

Keep away from Greenwich Village liquor, is the solemn advice of one Broadway actor. In a reckless moment, he accepted a drink down there, and he claims that it burned him inside and out. That may sound like an exaggeration, but he says he has the proof. Anyhow, he'll show you where his hat caught fire.

I had an inquiring paragraph about Morton Theiss a couple of months ago. Broadway remembers him fondly and has wondered where he was. I heard he had gone west with his brother and joined him in the hotel business. But so often did I hear, "Where is Morton Theiss now?" that I spoke of him in this column. It brought word from his brother, word that will bring regret to his horde of affectionate associates here, that Morton died some time ago.

He was enjoying life and prospering when the end came suddenly.

An affinity is a woman who will cook your goose but not your dinner.

A certain actress who has never quite made her way to stardom, but who is deeply loved by an extremely wealthy theatrical manager, now has some $200,000 in the bank—as a token of his esteem. He did it as a Christmas present, I am told, by sending her away from her apartment one evening while he remained behind to trim the Christmas tree. This he did by loading it down with innumerable little chamois bags, each containing gold and silver and paper money. It was not exactly a white Christmas, but you might call it a yellow one.

ANNA PAVLOWA ON FREE LOVE

WHEN Anna Pavlowa arrived in New York on her present trip to America, she complained to a friend: "There is no more the old Russia, the Russia of music, silver sleigh-bells, the dance and the imperial theatre. The rabble have torn everything down, and have set up nothing instead, for they have nothing to set up."

"They have set up free love," explained her friend.

"Which no woman wants if she gets it for nothing," smiled the famous dancer.

A Page of Good Nature—All Smiles



Adele Ormiston in "Irene"
White Studio



Vivienne Segal
White Studio





Mona Celeste and Mary Lewis in the "Greenwich Village Follies"

Change Cars

By Roy K. Moulton

O HOW I love the thumbscrew and the ducking stool and manacle
The gibbet and the other joys so purely Puritanical.
I don't see why the liberals should be so rankly cynical
When with these toys we'd reach at once Olympus' topmost pinnacle.

The spirit of mankind, though proud, is steeped in sensuality.
The trend for many years has been to flubdub and banality.
Too long we've viewed our brothers' faults with meed of Christian charity.
The punishment to fit the crime has been, indeed, a rarity.

So hang the duffers by the toes who smoke weeds cigaretical.
Or use sulphuric language which is classed as epithetical.
And those who whistle should be shot by verdicts irrevocable.
We'll make them good if we must croak each sinner who is croakable.

There's been too much of blatant joy and joy is naught but criminal
And they've been singing silly songs not set forth in our hymn-i-nal.
The pleasure-seeking populace has had its fling salubrious
And now it must take gloom and grief and mind our rules lugubrious.

But what if the degenerate and sin-benumbed majority,
Should rise and kick into next week this holy, smug minority?

WHY WE ARE UNIQUE

BECAUSE we can't remember how many wives De Wolf Hopper has had.

Because we haven't seen "Irene."

Because we don't think Mary Garden is more beautiful than Helen of Troy.

Because, even if we did, our wife wouldn't let us admit it.

Because we never fail to get action out of a subway slot machine.

Because we think Frank Craven is funnier than the last dozen bedroom farces.

Because our fountain pen never leaks.

Because we never bought orchids for a manicurist.

Because we only take a taxicab when it's raining.

Because we have other ambitions in life besides home-brewing.

WEBSTER REVISED

GRAND OPERA—The freedom of the high C's.

VAMP—Anyone on the stage under the age of eighty who acts like Mme. Petrova.

ENCORE—What every ballad singer takes, whether he deserves it or not.

COLD—The condition of the audience after a grandmother does child imitations.

MONOLOGIST—A man who begins his act by taking off a pair of white kid gloves.

MAGICIAN—A monologist who begins his act by rolling back his cuffs.

PLAYLET—Any vaudeville act which begins with a darkened stage, and a woman in an opera cloak.

RASPBERRY—A fruit that grows in the gallery.

HINTS FOR SERMONS

BALLROOM dances have reached such a state that they'll soon have to install checkrooms for corsets.

With these hip pocket flasks, it's not the original cost that counts—it's the upkeep.

It's against the law to drive cattle on Fifth avenue, but that doesn't stop one catty woman from calling another a cow.

A married man who was traveling about with an eighteen-year-old girl said that she was adopted. Huh, so was the eighteenth amendment!

The women of Switzerland are wearing breeches for winter sports. We'll say they are!

The King of Italy is writing a history of coins. He ought to be able to get an interesting chapter on the history of our last dollar.



Patti Harrold

Edward Thayer Munroe

Grace La Rue

Photo by Charlotte Fairchild



Mitzi

Photo by Nicholas Muray

Here we have three reigning stars of the song shops—dainty Patti Harrold, prima donna of "Irene" and daughter of Orville Harrold, tenor at the Metropolitan; pretty Mitzi in "Lady Billy"; and Grace La Rue, singing with her husband, Hale Hamilton, in "Dear Me." Mitzi doesn't seem to mind showing a wedding ring. Miss La Rue has hers thoroughly concealed. Little Patti isn't bothered with such things yet

Calendar for April

Fri. 1—Lillian Russell was revived, 1966, just to prove that beauty never fades.

Sat. 2—Chorus girls began to wear clothes at rehearsals, 1921, declaring that they wanted to put on something once in a while, at least.

Sun. 3—Wilson turned down a vaudeville engagement, 1921, because he didn't want to compete with other headliners.

Mon. 4—Sarah Bernhardt, not able to walk, is still acting, 1921. Plans to continue her career in heaven, 1941.

Tue. 5—Paris has sixteen hundred places of amusement, 1921, but they're so filled with Americans that few Parisians ever get inside.

Wed. 6—Statue erected in Central Park, 1930, to the only sister act in the history of vaudeville in which the sisters had the same mother.

Thu. 7—Eva Tanguay's trunks failed to arrive, 1961, and she appeared in street costume. No one recognized her.

Fri. 8—A vaudeville performer was hissed off the stage, 1911, for rudeness. He failed to call the audience "folks."

Sat. 9—A naval officer went skating on Lake Placid, 1922, and broke through the ice. He was immediately signed up for forty weeks.

Sun. 10—A dramatic critic wrote a play that all the other dramatic critics praised, 1918. He is just getting over the shock.

Mon. 11—When a Broadway star failed to take her usual dozen bows, 1918, the manager investigated and found that she had been stricken with paralysis.

Tue. 12—Vaudeville act criticized for vulgarity because girl's skirt was supposed to be blown off by bomb, 1920. She had no business wearing one.

Wed. 13—Children of the future will be taught geography by movies, says Edison, 1921. And they'll be able to get it fresh every week.

Thu. 14—Nijinski, the dancer, has been sent to a hospital, 1921. He probably fell and dislocated his name.

Fri. 15—Former shimmy dancers went to work, 1923, shaking down the ripe fruit in apple orchards.

Sat. 16—Mary Garden took charge of opera, but who's to take charge of Mary?

Sun. 17—Kitty Gordon wanted to have her back insured, 1924, but couldn't find a policy large enough to cover it.

Mon. 18—Irene Bordoni brought suit for the recovery of her French accent, 1935, which she lost on Broadway.

Tue. 19—The Belasco theatre was redecorated, 1930, and all the queer lamps and mirrors removed, making it look almost like a theatre.

Wed. 20—So far, 1921, President Harding hasn't endorsed a single play.

Thu. 21—Frank Tinney began to mix horse-radish with his make-up for the big scene with the white horse in "Tickle Me."

Fri. 22—David Belasco inherited five dollars from a brother in San Francisco, 1921, and opened a new theatre with it, 1922.

Sat. 23—An actress who married a Greenwich Village poet said she was going back on the stage. Looks as if she already had.

Sun. 24—Owing to the role he is playing, Ben Ami is against getting a haircut.

Mon. 25—A popular member of the acting profession failed to go into bankruptcy, 1919. He said it was an oversight.

Tue. 26—A special matinee of "The Skin Game," for beauty specialists, would be appropriate.

Wed. 27—Winter Garden chorus girls have formed a business organization. 1921. The treasurer can't conceal the bank.

Thu. 28—De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson, stars in "Erminie," will soon be old enough to cast their first vote.

Fri. 29—A bunch of scientists are investigating why it is that a play dealing with the first year of married life is so successful—on the stage.

Sat. 30—Mrs. Fiske broke one of her teeth the other evening, trying to bite off the end of a word.

Over Forty?

By Roy K. Moulton

IF you are a New York man and you are over 40 years of age, you are on the junk heap whether you know it or not. You are a tottering old wreck, your nerves are all jangled, your shoulders are stooped and you are only a few jumps ahead of the undertaker.

It must be so, for a scientist has said it. He claims that the nervous New York life makes a man a down-and-outer at 40, and at 50 he is cheating the tombstone maker out of a just profit. "They simply cannot live the life without slowing up at 40," he says.

And, what do you think of that?

I saw one of these tottering wrecks last night. Only he was not 40 but about 70. One of his friends told me the old boy was just beginning to learn to smoke cigarettes and to sit up nights. But there is an explanation. The old guy hasn't read any of the magazines in which the scientist made his report. He was coming out of a restaurant in the Roaring Forties, swinging a cane and on his arm was hanging a bunch of pretty furs. Perhaps it was sable and perhaps it was mink. I was never an expert on furs.

He was on his way to a roof show, which would let him get home about 2 A. M., but if he is like most of the old New Yorkers I know he will wonder what to do between 2 A. M. and bedtime.

The strangest part of it was that I saw a good many men over 40 the same night who seemed to be having a fairly spiffing time around among the bright lights. I didn't see one on crutches or in a wheel-chair.

These old birds don't know that they have been cheating the florists and undertakers for thirty or thirty-five years. It is up to somebody to try and make them believe it. I don't want the job.

But the fact remains that nobody can stand the nerve-racking pace of the big burg more than 40 years without slowing up and giving concrete evidences of senility. The scientists are never wrong. If you are more than 40, you are in the discard.

The scientists have proven it.



Madelon La Varre, on the Century Roof, to go into pictures

Accidents Will Happen

High Lights of Humor on a Sombre Back-Ground, Being Some Stories Gathered by a Claim Agent of a Well-Known Insurance Company from the List of Cases Handled by Him

INSURANCE which pays benefits in case of temporary disability is carried by a great many people. The claim agent whose business it is to investigate reported injuries often meets with amusing incidents. Here are a few furnished by the claim agent of a large insurance company.

"Some captive rattlesnakes in a restaurant escaped from a box in which they were confined and so frightened one of the patrons that in his haste to get out he fell down in front of me and in getting up, came up underneath me, tossing me over his head."

"I was in bed and dreamed that a burglar was bending over me. I struck at him so hard that I was thrown on the floor with my arm extended and broke my collarbone."

"I placed an electric fan beside my bed on a hot night. While asleep I stuck my foot in it."

"In a playful mood I kicked at my wife while barefooted and accidentally struck her on the knee, thereby spraining the big toe of my left foot."

"I was undressing for bed. In removing my union suit I fractured the second finger of my left hand."

"My wife was curling her hair. I ran against her and the hot curler struck my eye."

"I was embraced by a friend, who playfully said that he could make me cry, and fractured my rib."

"On a private yacht, I had just had a highball, got up, the boat gave a lurch and I sat down on the glass."

"Missed my train and while walking on country road, fell over a cow lying in the road."

"Sitting in a chair in a barber shop and billiard parlor, a ball from the pool table nearby struck me on the nose, breaking nose and injuring one eye."

"Had been talking with another man and as I started to walk along didn't notice a woman had pushed a baby carriage directly in front of me—fell over it."

"I was going down the walk in front of my house when an automobile wheel which had come off two blocks away rolled down the hill and struck me, fracturing both bones of my right leg."

"I was riding in an automobile when it struck a hole in the road, causing my teeth to come together with such force that my lower jaw was fractured."

"Looking for burglars, I was accidentally mistaken by one of my neighbors for the man we were looking for and he shot me in the arm."

"Shot in conversation."

WHY IS IT?

THEY lift their eye-brows.
They heighten their complexions.
They tilt their chins.
They raise their voices.
They elevate their skirts.
They build up their heels.

—And yet there are people who say that the modern girls do not devote any thought or time to the higher things.

CONFIDENTIALLY, GIRLS

LASSIES, lend an ear, I prithee,
Heed this hint I now disclose:
There is art in deft concealment—
Love is largely ruled by clothes.

Shanks exposed are not au fait now
If their stretch for shelter begs;—
Spare the men who are distrait now
When you sit and cross your extremities.

How's Your Inspiration?

ONE actress has said in an interview that she can never go on in a performance until she can concentrate on her part and get herself into the soulful mood. She lies on a couch in her dressing room for one hour before each performance, closes her eyes, clasps her hands across her breast and concentrates. When she rises, nobody must be allowed to speak to her for fear of breaking the harmony and diverting the soul current.

Well, there's something in that, as we have found by interviewing several prominent stage people. We find that they all concentrate before a performance.

Fred Stone, the acrobatic dancer, closes his dressing room to all callers for one hour before every performance. During this time he stands on his head with his left leg wrapped around his neck and concentrates on his part. He has never deviated from this custom during all his years on the stage and he finds it wonderfully helpful.

Raymond Hitchcock always puts on a Hawaiian straw skirt, sits in a Morris chair in a room dimly lighted with a red lantern and suffused with the fumes of an Oriental incense and concentrates while someone plays to him on the ukulele wierd tunes of the Pacific.

Leon Errol, who does an eccentric drunk scene which has made him famous, has an imitation bar in his dressing room. On the back of the bar are rows of dummy bottles and in front of the bar is the old-time foot-rail which he imported from Hoboken at tremendous expense. For one hour before every performance, he stands with one foot on this brass rail and concentrates.

But why mention all of them. Robert Hilliard sits and holds a Gardenia under his nose for one hour; George Sidney goes and sits in a second-hand store on Eighth avenue for one hour preceding every performance and concentrates.

They all do it but it is only fair to start that Old Boy Volstead cut quite a large gash in the real inspiration business at that.



Dainty Kay Laurel, in "Ladies' Night," looking younger than ever
White Studio

Our Own Correspondence School

Q. What is an optimist?

A. An optimist is a man who carries a corkscrew.

Q. Where do they get it nowadays?

A. Where don't they?

Q. How many times does a screen star marry?

A. How many microbes on a one-dollar bill?

Q. How old is Florenz Ziegfeld?

A. Benzine will take raspberry stain out of a silk shirt.

Q. Why do so many stenographers have expensive seal coats?

A. B wins the bet. A and C both lose.

Q. Where do screen vampires go when they die?

A. They never die unless shot.

Q. How many yards does it take to make a skirt?

A. Less than that.

Q. How do you pronounce Constance Talmadge's husband's name?

A. Just as it is spelled—Pialoglu.

Q. Who wrote "The Follies of 1920?"

A. Who didn't?

Q. How does Bird Millman's wire get tight under prohibition?

A. It is packed in a barrel of raisins every day.

Q. Why does William Faversham?

A. All actors do that.

Q. Who brought home the Bacon?

A. John Golden.

Q. Who is the best dancer on the American stage?

A. Marilynn Miller, Dorothy Dickson, Mae West, Constance Binney, Margot Kelly, Ada Mae Weeks, Florence Walton, Gertie Hoffman, Adelaide, Louise Groody, and Fred Stone.

Q. How many hips in the Hippodrome?

A. Two apiece.

Q. How many ticket scalpers are in jail?

A. How many white blackbirds have you ever seen?

Q. How many ladies smoke cigarettes?

A. Consult the city directory.

Many a man has slipped on a wedding ring. Slipped on it is right.

A good many fathers are working their sons' way through college.

The man who invented suspenders did a good deal to uphold the dignity of this country.

"It is better to have loved and lost——" wrote the poet. Well, he may have been right, at that.

The Blue Law Hand-Book

(*Designed to aid all Reform enforcement officers.*)

I. To the Puritans all things are impure.

2. Women should be old at thirty, men at forty and from then on they should do nothing but sit and wait for death.

3. Skirts must all drag on the ground. They are more sanitary than short ones because they pick up all the microbes.

4. Promptly arrest any statue that appears in public without proper draperies.

5. The Maker made the first man and woman without clothing, which was very bad judgment.

6. Dancing is hugging set to music. Men must be allowed to hug nothing but delusions.

7. Never mind the rule about men kissing their own wives. Few of them are doing it.

8. All theatrical performances are immoral. They have been ruining the race for centuries.

9. Women do not have legs. Those that do have them are breaking the law.

10. Women do not have shoulders and chests and backs. Therefore, the same must be covered.

11. All bureaus and tables displayed in furniture store windows must be without drawers.

12. The more blue laws you can think up, the longer you will hold your jobs.

Roses Rare in the Winter Garden



Sally Long
White Studio

Charlotte Sprague

Marie Stafford

Who Gets the Prince?

By De Vaux Thompson

THEY seem determined to marry off the Prince of Wales, who paid us a visit a year ago, and if there is any young lady either on this side of the water or the other who has not been mentioned as the prospective bride, now is her time to step forward and get the advertising.

Within the past few months, the poor young man, who is not permitted to enjoy an unhampered bachelorhood and sow a wild oat or two, has been engaged to a Danish princess, his sister's lady in waiting, the crown princess of Moravia, a young lady with whom he danced in New York, a manicure in Seattle, a dancer at the London Hippodrome, a shopgirl he met while out walking in Picadilly, Mme. Jazzbo, snake charmer in the Paris musee; three girls in The Follies, a Belgian Red Cross worker, the Duchess of Cholmondeley, the third daughter of the Begum of Swat and Miss Clarinda Dingwhizzle of Red Horse, Wyoming, whom he met on a Pacific liner and with whom he danced several times, not to mention several thousand others whose identity has escaped us for the moment.

While a great many young women have received their shares of advertising by being engaged to the prince, fully as many more have been advertised as not being engaged to him, as for example note the newspaper paragraphs:

"Miss Lotta L'Envoi, the well known dancer with the Midnight Colic, announces that she is not the beautiful American dancer to whom the Prince of Wales is engaged. She admits that she is a beautiful American dancer but she has never met the Prince. If she had, it might have been all over by this time. Miss L'Envoi does not care to be considered as the fiancee of His Highness as she is wedded to her art and lives with her mother in a modest marble apartment house on the drive with a large swimming pool in the front hall and she rides each day in her own Rolls-Royce. Her present contract has three years to run at $4,500 per week and she appears every night on the Roof."

"Miss Betty Bango, the well known jazz dancer, denies that she is the American girl referred to as being about to marry the Prince of Wales. They danced together in San Francisco last season but as Miss Bango says "it was only platonic." She adds: "I expect to marry and support another good American. I have tried five of them and am used to them."

"Miss Arline De Vere, when interviewed by her press agent today indignantly denied that she would marry the Prince of Wales. 'Those castles over there are all draughty,' she says 'and the plumbing is mostly obsolete. Anyhow I never could stand the climate of England. No, you may say that we will not be married, and this is final. I have not heard from the prince in some time.'"

With the society people digging up young ladies for the prince to marry and the press agents digging up young ladies for him not to marry, the Prince himself is doing enough matrimonial business to keep three or four press clipping bureaus working double shifts.

In the meantime his mother has got the girl all picked out and in due time the Prince will be introduced to her. It is customary to bring about a formal introduction just before the ceremony.

Mixed Metaphors

GIVE a thief enough rope and he'll go into the cigar business.

An apple a day failed to keep the serpent away.

Tell me what you drink, and I will tell you where you are.

It's a long lane that has no bootlegger.

Least said, soonest amended.

Never count your chickens before they are kissed.

Let me make the hooch for a nation, and I care not who makes its laws.

Too many cooks spoil the delicatessen business.

Three Nymphs Noted For Their Grace



Aileen Stanley



Florence Normand

Philis Fonta
White Studio

The Movie Kiss in Danger

By Stuyvesant Pell

A BLOW is about to be struck at the very foundation of our celluloid delight. The movie kiss is tottering on its throne and is apt to do a kaiserwilhelm at any moment.

The International Reform Bureau, that magnificient organization which is going to start us all on the road to glory whether we want to go or not, will make it a principal business to curb the kilowatt-power and voltage of the movie kiss. It's superintendent has said so. The Sunday blue laws will be only a side issue. The anti-movie kiss campain will be the main thing.

We all know those movie kisses and gosh, ain't they awful! And, if they are terrible for the audiences, think how hard they must be on the actors and actresses. The principal types of movie kiss are the following:

The eight-minute non-stop soul kiss which is too expensive to use except in first-class productions on account of the footage.

The shuttle kiss which is passed back and forth. The put-it-on, take-it-off, wrap-it-up, send-it-home brand is in this class.

The catch-as-catch-can, known as the wrestling kiss where one party is willing and the other is not. This is perhaps the least harmful to the morals of the audience, as the kiss is liable to land anywhere in a radius extending from the chin to the eyebrow. It generally happens when the villyun and the herowine are half-Nelsoning at the edge of the cliff. If he succeeds in planting one on her left ear, he calls it a day and quits. But it is sinful and very corrupting to the morals of audiences.

The French kiss between gentlemen only, commonly known as the official hero-medal kiss. This kiss is frowned upon on account of its microbe possibilities and not because it endangers the morals of audiences.

According to the superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, the Demon Rum, Bolshevism and other menaces of the world are as harmless as charlotte russe when compared with the menace of the lady vampire. Congress will be asked to institute a supreme court of morals to circumvent her. And the worst feature of her work is her smacking propensity.

Possibly the thing to do is to turn her loose on the International Reform Bureau and it's radium to rat poison that she'll bring 'em into camp.

What do those melancholy birds know about kissing, anyhow?

A KISS

'Tis easy to give and take as well,
A step toward Heaven or toward Hell.

When a girl begins to tell a man what kind of woman she thinks he's going to marry, he might just as well go out and buy the ring.

In fishing for a husband it isn't every woman who can tell a nibble from a bite.

One reason why Helen of Troy has such a reputation for beauty is because she never had to ride all night in a Pullman.

Wonder what the governor of North Carolina would say to the governor of South Carolina now?

Even a woman who is not naturally religious, will do a lot of praying that moths won't get into the fur coat she bought during the January sales.

I see the price of shoes has taken a tumble and I am wondering when the retailers will hear the news.



Charlotte Fairchild

Miss Joan Sawyer, the famous American dancer, who has just returned from Paris and a year's successful dancing tour of the European capitals. She will shortly be seen in vaudeville with her dancing partner, Lee Tanton, and her dog, Acheo III, a handsome Russian wolfhound, presented to her by the King of Spain in appreciation of her dancing instruction

How to be Spuzzy, Though Vampish

CLOTHES make the man, and the lack of them the fellow, according to the old proverb. Speaking from modern observation, we should say that clothes make the lady, and the lack of them the vampire.

This lack, however, is not pecuniary, but pneumoniary. The vampire does not so much deprive herself of clothes as she restricts their field of operation, so to speak. Her problem is not what to wear, but where to wear it.

Florence Reed, in her role in a new play, "The Mirage," exemplifies the prevailing vampire modes. In depicting a young person who is occupying a New York apartment on the easiest lease, she runs the gamut of gowns.

For specialized vamping she wears jade green chiffon, supplemented by a full-length panel of Oriental shimmy-shimmer.

For general high jinks she dons a gown of white with heavy strands of jeweled trimming.

For contrition, or the morning after, a modest gray chiffon house robe, edged with bands of chinchilla, is most becoming.

Just what the correct costume is for ablution, or the bath, we are unable to say. Possibly it is nothing to speak of.

A Rhyme of Reformation

By Sloane Gordon

WHEN P. Augustus Popinjay first blinked into the light of day,
He vainly voiced his violent indignation—
He kicked his heels and howled in rage
And for a youngster of his age
Put up a lively line of lamentation.

When P. Augustus went to school he made it his unfailing rule
To tittle-tattle every pecadillo;
In every hour of every day
He took somebody's joy away,
From waking time until he hit the pillow.

As tempus fugitted and flew, Augustus sour and sourer grew;
He disapproved and deprecated gladness:
Whene'er he mingled with the throng
He found conditions redly wrong,
Which simply saturated Gus with sadness.

In gloom he set about to free the race from its frivolity—
To pluck us as a brand from out the burning—
He organized, with great ado,
The Sons and Daughters of Taboo;
Who specialized in soulfulness and yearning.

But long before the world grew pure; while still the Devil laid his lure
To gather sinful souls to regions warmer;
Gus got a pain beneath his lid
His works began to skip and skid,
And doctors came to save the great reformer.

All efforts made to diagnose the cause of P. Augustus' woes
Were futile till his head was given heed to;
And then—Eureka! No mistake!!
They called it mental belly-ache
And paled at what the malady might lead to.

The doctors, ere they went away from P. Augustus Popinjay
Prescribed as follows: Spiritus frumenti:
(A foreign form that doctors use
To designate a bit of booze)
For P. Augustus they prescribed a-plenty.

The medicine had zip and zest: Augustus put it 'neath his vest
And promptly doffed the dolor of the high-brow;
He gamboled gaily on the green—
He dubbed a dizzy doll a queen
And dashed him off a ditty to her eye-brow.

Now not a knock annoyeth Gus; he careth not a carnal cuss:
The primrose path of dalliance he treadeth:
He picketh posies on the way—
He lifteth loud a lilting lay—
The salve with prodigality he spreadeth.

And now you know the stuff to take
In case of mental belly-ache.

From Head to Foot

By Adele Pryce



Broad brims, with a downward trend to shade the eyes, are in favor for early-summer millinery. Here is one that harmonizes with the classic contours of Marguerite Armstrong

THE up-to-date savage maid in the best South Sea Island circles doesn't realize what a fashion creator she really is. But if she were to step on the magic carpet with a one-way ticket to Fifth avenue, she would discover a lot of details in the spring modes which look like home.

Simplicity is the keynote of her wardrobe. If she wishes to be properly gowned, she takes a short —a very short—piece of figured material, sews it down the sides, cuts a hole for the neck, and is then ready to step in preparatory to stepping out.

To complete the desired effect, she twines flowers and wreaths about her waist, or encircles her bobbed hair, her arms and her legs in coral beads. And while she's amus-

(*Continued on next page*)



Dotted net and taffeta are combined in this chic and novel spring frock, with wide ruching at sleeves and collar, worn by Harriet Arnold of "Lady Billy"



Two-strap satin slippers show off to particular advantage when accompanied by a jewelled anklet

(*Continued from page* 23)

ing herself over a cocoanut sundae in the South Sea shade (if any), her sister (under the skin) on Fifth Avenue is likewise sewing up rich brocades and cutting a hole for the neck, and twisting flowers and feathers and beads around their arms, their waists and their coiffures. Even the debutante bobbed hair is a steal from the Antipodes.

Of course, the most extreme cut in the South Seas omits everything except the girdle of beads. Long Island, however, dictates a certain amount of chiffon in cherry or crimson of the flaming tropic shades.

The girdles are made of cloth of gold, embroidered in beads, or they are numerous strands of beads woven together, or they may be flowers or even clusters of fruit sewed on a silken ribbon.

The old adage that the styles repeat themselves once in seven years seems to be on the scrapheap this spring. Instead of one certain style coming in this spring, the modish shops are showing a surprisingly diverse array of patterns. You will find such designs as basques, hoop skirts, full and tight skirts, long and short waists, long and short sleeves —all rubbing elbows, so to speak, in the best shops.

Stockings will discard the lace inserts that decorated the insteps and instead will show long stripes of valenciennes insertion running from the heel to the top of the stocking at the back. The extremely sheer weaves will continue in favor.

The vernal season implies no important changes of footwear from the winter styles. Women have been going about in slippers and gauze and they will continue to do so. The only difference will be in the appearance of more colors.

Patent leather slippers are booked for high favor. Some of them will be piped with white and black, and strapped with an anklet of leather, and some will be fastened with three gold clasps.

Reading, like the Chinaman, from bottom to top, we discover that buttons, banished from other parts of the costume to a great extent, have found a haven on some of the new hats. One model is a turban of black satin with buttons of nickel and crystal. Stand-up and stick-out effects in ostrich will not be so smart as the softer and trailing models. The feather trimming, on most of the new models, trails to the shoulder.

The beauty patch is back in favor among Parisiennes, and doubtless it won't be long in crossing to this side of the pond. They are very small, round, and worn chiefly with black gowns, black being in high vogue for the spring models.

Gloves, which are so exacting a part of the fastidiously dressed woman, proved the undoing of three women magistrates in England recently. It seems they failed to remove their gloves while being sworn, and the presiding magistrate took the view that they were in contempt of court. Apparently the English believe in dispensing justice with bare hands.

Well, after all these years of saying slighting things about corsets, and how much damage they do, and how benighted we are to tolerate them, and comparing the wearing of corsets to the Chinese practice of binding the feet—after all this, along come the experts and announce that the corset is quite essential to the modern woman. If a woman changes her mind, people say that's her privilege. And so when an expert changes his mind—well, that's his.

HABERDASHES

This is to be a cuffless season for trousers.

Coats are being cut slightly longer by the fashionable tailors.

Trousers are likewise slightly longer, and moderately belled at the bottom.

Collars will be worn longer—if possible—in Greenwich Village.

DISILLUSION

MY lady wears a Paris frock,
A dashing feathered toque,
The richest gems that gold can buy,
The smartest sable cloak;
But now my heart is whole again—
The heart my lady broke.

Last night I had the quaintest dream,
So beastly odd and droll:
I heard the bells of heaven swing,
I watched the gates unroll
And there I saw my lady gowned
Quite simply in her soul.

Three Exponents of the Dance



Rita Owen, the dainty dance



Beatrice Lee, from the banks of the Nile



Blossom Seeley The Jazz

Did the Old Boys Have It On Us?

By Montgomery Mack

WHEN Erasmus J. Puddefoot went to market with a basket on his arm, back in 1813, he didn't have to stop at the bank to see how much of a balance he had. He took a ragged old one-dollar bill, and after buying the Sunday dinner, had enough left for three drinks at the Pig and Whistle, and they were regular drinks at that. At that time 2.75 per cent was as unknown as a transatlantic airship.

In those days there was so much bacon lying around the house that they used to use it for carp bait and for greasing boots. As for young pigs and roast beef, they got so tired of those things that they used to resort to corn cake and wild turkeys for a change. The butcher was always peeved if the customer didn't carry home ten pounds of liver and dog meat, just to get it out of the way. A pair of top boots, with enough leather in them to make fifteen pairs of modern shoes, brought $2.50. And still, in those ancient days they used to kick on the high cost of living.

The longer you live the more you find out about currency and what it will not do. What it will do is not surprising. What it will not do is occasionally quite shocking. When a man goes forth to-day with a ten-dollar bill looking for a pair of shoes, he might as well look for the corner of Twenty-third street and Forty-second street. It will take him just as long to find it.

The Sunday dinner had no terrors for our ancestors, and they didn't sit around waiting for somebody to invite them out. The old man would take the muzzle-loader, a quarter's worth of powder and ten cents' worth of shot and go out in the woods back of the barn and pick up a Sunday dinner. Turkey, venison and grouse were at his disposal. If he were particular he could pick up a mess of quail, and there was a standing bet in every village that no man could eat a quail a day for thirty days. When they had turkey they ate the white meat and threw the dark meat to the dogs. A turkey nowadays costs what grandfather used to make for a week's wages.

Still, some people pity the ancients who enjoyed none of the modern improvements.

Everybody owned a red plush cow or two, and the Milk Trust could go hang. If anybody had the temerity to mention that milk was worth 18 cents a quart they would have had the alienists on his case in fifteen minutes and he would be wheeling a wheelbarrow upside down in the insane asylum grounds within two hours.

They got along so well without modern improvements that they generally lived to a ripe old age, and it seemed possible that some of them would have to be shot on judgment day. The telephone and telegraph were unknown, and they always got their bad news a few days late, which tended to prolong life and to stave off nervous prostration. There were 9,873 diseases that they knew nothing about, for microbes had not been invented.

Domestic felicity was hitting on all twelve cylinders and there was not more than one divorce in five thousand marriages. A man who could make ten iron men every week piled up a fortune.

Pity our poor ancestors. They had a tough time.

Things You'll Never See In the Movies

CAMERA man with the peak of his cap in front.

Bathing girl in the water.

Captain of industry who does not waste his time puffing at a large black cigar.

Detective who doesn't wear a derby hat and close-cropped mustache.

Hero who does not wear a wasp-waist suit from the House of Ginsberg.

Vampire who does not appear in jade ear-rings and black clinging gown.

Comedian with shoes that fit him.

Englishman who is not tall, thin and slightly stooped.

Frenchman without a wisp of upturned mustache and a goatee.

Newrich man breaking into society, who does not shake hands with the butler.

Greenwich Village Follies Favorites



Bernice Ellmore



Helene Jessmer

Photo by Old Masters

Peggy Matthews

Reflections of a Rounder

ONE party on Broadway says Henry Ford is sore at the Jews and has started a crusade against them because the Jews can make more money selling second-hand Fords than he can make selling new ones.

I met a chorus girl the other day who didn't have a set of sables. It was so cold she didn't feel like wearing them.

Astronomers have discovered a star that is a million times more brilliant than the sun. But Broadway managers are doing that all the time.

Kitty Gordon, according to report, has fifty gowns, and Mary Garden has seventy, and the author of this column has to go to bed when he sends his suit to the presser.

A married friend of ours is not surprised that the women are successful as leaders of bandit-gangs. They know how to go through a man's clothes.

One restaurant advertises a chicken dinner for $1, but I have not been able to buy a dinner for a chicken for that amount in ten years.

Flo Ziegfeld is going to take the Follies over to London. It is said that the wardrobe mistress has gone on ahead with all the costumes in a suitcase.

Dancing with your own wife, according to a friend of mine, is like drinking near-beer. You don't care how soon the party breaks up.

The Ladies—Bless 'Em

By Roy K. Moulton

THEY are upon us, boys. They have never felt just right since we knocked 'em out at the Battle of the Amazons many centuries ago. Up to that time they were the goods. When Jerome W. Stonehatchet wanted a nickel he had to ask his wife, Matilda Skinclothes Stonehatchet, for it and then maybe he got it.

The old man stayed at home and operated the fireless cooker while friend wife went down to the city hall and let sewer contracts and discharged policemen. Then we got it away from them. How we did it has never been explained to this day.

But now, they are coming back. Take a look.

Mary Garden is impresario and general passenger agent of the Chicago Opera company and is getting away with it. When a tenor wants the star dressing room he has to see Mary. If he wants a raise in salary he has to see Mary.

Anne Morgan has promoted a successful prize fight for devastated France and more people went to that prize fight than to any other in American ring annals. It cost 16 smacks per seat, at that. Mrs. Marshall Field III has promoted a wrestling tournament in Chicago, no holds barred.

We see how one Wall street woman is general manager of a bank and gets fifty thousand bucks a year. Another one has got up a trust company with all women directors and officers.

Numerous hold-up gangs headed by women have been discovered and the lady-bandit is more deadly than the male, as old Kippered Herring once said in a poem. When a man is held up by a woman bandit, he stays held up.

The ladies are also running barber shops, building bridges, acting as assistant district attorneys and one has just been appointed county judge out in Iowa. We don't know what the first man sentenced by this judge will get, but he will get something.

One editor has recently asked: "Is there a weaker sex?" We'll say there is. We know it because we belong to it.

48TH STREET THEATRE

East of B'way Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE OUTSTANDING HIT
OF THE SEASON

The BROKEN WING

SEE THE CRASHING AEROPLANE

Merry Movie Maids



Helen Darling and Bessie De Litche in Christie's Film Follies

Evans Studio

Helene Chadwick putting on the finishing touches

Confessions of a Film Hound

WENT to the movies the other night to see a romance of the American Revolution, and the young Continental officer who was the hero stood talking to the heroine. As he did so he leaned against a telephone instrument.

Was much interested in a Russian anarchistic picture play. The plot was laid in the days of Catherine the Great. One of the most impressive scenes was in Catherine's study. On the large, heavy, flat-topped desk there stood a modern American telephone instrument.

I have seen some startling things in the movies. Last night I witnessed a romantic play laid in dear old England. The scene was just outside Nottingham. The hero grasped the heroine and pulled her out from under the freight train just in time and the English Bobby ran up and carried her to a nearby house. The freight car which was just about to crush the life out of the beautiful girl was labelled "Delaware and Lackawanna."

Friday night, during one of the serials, the scene was laid in Paris. The heroine was picked up by the villain and hurled into a waiting taxicab and hurried away. While the taxicab was waiting I had time to note its license number, which was "CAL. 5647893."

It was a pretty romance at Petrograd, in spite of all the Bolshevik terrors. The eloping couple hurried down the stairs to reach the Nevsky Prospekt, where their carriage waited. There was terrible suspense as they hastened to the carriage. Finally they got there and I noticed, as they climbed into the hack, that they did so right in front of a building which bore the sign: "WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY."

Where is My Wandering Boy Today?

WELL may a mother ask, if her son is in the motion picture business—the business end of it. If you don't believe it, read the movie magazines and papers. For instance:

Max Weinstein, who was with the Cosmopolite Films last week as general manager, is a director with Screencraft, Ltd., this week, but has tendered his resignation to take effect Saturday night, after which he will be with Filmart as publicity director.

Ben Bolt, who has been with Filmart for nearly three weeks and is considered a veteran in the office, has tendered his resignation and after this week will be found at the offices of Cosmopolite Films in the capacity of general manager.

Ludy Bingle, who was publicity manager for Punkart all last week in spite of many rumors of a change during that time, is now with the Hazy Motion Picture Co., but has just bought the controlling interest in Consolidated Films and will move over there on the 15th.

Abe Rothstein, who signed a seven-year contract with the Flicker Film Corporation last week at a substantial increase in salary, quit yesterday to accept a nine-year contract with Cosmopolite.

When a director writes to a friend and asks said friend to come up to the projecting room and see a picture, he adds: "I am giving great satisfaction here and am turning out some masterpieces, but you had better come Wednesday sure, as on Thursday I may be with another company."

Making a luncheon date with a screen executive more than two days ahead is risky business. Even if you do arrive at the hour appointed you are more than apt to find that he is on the way to the Coast to join another producing company. A lot of good lunches are lost that way.

MARCH WINDS

WE lingered by the shop display,
'Twas March when all our fancy flows
To growing things in fields away,
And so we marked the rakes and hoes.

Around the streets the gales careened;
The wind tossed gowns we must suppose
Were watched by men who idly leaned,
Again we have the rakes and hose.

Jazz Philosophy

By W. R. Hoefer

APRIL FIRST is the universal holiday of Old Mammy Earth. All Fools' Day is correct. It is the one date in the human schedule when we admit publicly that we are all fools some of the time, part fool all of the time, and that some of us bat three hundred continually in the Silly Circuit. Even Solomon in all his glory had foolish interludes when he could make an inmate of a Foolish Factory resemble a double-portion of Rodin's Thinker multiplied by The Three Wise Men.

Sol was the heavyweight wisdom champ of all ages, with a wicked think wallop in each brain lobe, and so much sense ballasted between his ears that by comparison the ordinary Doctor of Philosophy looks like a kindergarten addict having a mental convulsion trying to dope out a set of pretty building blocks. He was a wise piece of structure. He had to be to make up for his occasional silly lapses, to-wit: many a man bewails the taking on of his one wife as the supreme simp-tom of his weary existence. Yet Sol was a thousand times as foolish; he took a thousand wives, deponent sayeth not whose, in apparent sanity and without duress.

If there is anyone who will not assay a goodly portion of pure fool to the human pound he is either the basis of a grave-yard epitaph or as well concealed as the profits in an income-tax report. The wise business man chuckles at the comical come-on in the con-game set-up and titters at the phoney stock-dispenser's stone-thatched victim, yet he cheerfully expends eighty-seven dollars to view a rough-house betwixt a duo of low-browed pugilists and lets a vapid vamp with no more charm than a bill collector trim him of everything but his whiskers and make him gladly jump through the hole she has made in his bank account.

His smart, clever wife pities the poor animals because they are so dumb and gaily giggles at the stupidity of the preening peacock and then forthwith inhabits silk hosiery in zero weather, furs when the heat is kicking the top off the thermometer, calsomines her face as red as baby's Christmas rattle and goes to meet curvature-of-the-spine on French heels so lofty it would sprain a rattlesnake's throat trying to look up to her ankle.



Sort of Jekyll and Hyde combination of Doris Kenyon. First as her smiling self and as she looks in "The White Villa"

We could enumerate other subjects of the Foolish Kingdom until Gabriel blows Reveille, but what's the use? Gaze into your own mirror and then celebrate April First according to your particular lights.

Yea, verily. "All-Fools Day" is no idle appelation.

Where Is A Guy Going To Love?

By Louisa Boltwood

THEY seem to be putting the K. O. on the bird who really wants to court a girl in New York City and marry her. The authorities won't let them get acquainted.

Now Rev. Wilbur Crafts and his crowd are going to investigate the movies and the movies represents the last stand of the ardent swain in an unsympathetic city. The only place he can find solitude with the young lady for whom he desires to become a permanent meal ticket is in a movie crowd where there are so many people watching the love scenes on the screen that they don't see the love scenes in the audience.

The young beau can sit with his arm about the waist of his sweetheart and with her head on his manly shoulder, which seems to be the favorite New York movie hold, and when the hero on the screen says: "Marguerite, will you make me the happiest of men?" he can whisper:

"Them's the very words I have been wanting to say to you for four years, Sadie, but I never could think of them."

"Oh, this is so suddint, darlink," Sadie can say, and another installment plan Eden has been started, with open plumbing, hot and cold water, southern exposure, janitor service, gas stove and form-fitting garbage pail.

But the end of movie love-making is in sight. Rev. Wilbur of the Lord's Day Alliance is going to make the movie crowds behave.

And there is nothing doing any more in Central Park. The park is now closed by the police during the interesting hours and no young man can make love in daylight with taxicabs, rubberneck wagons and baby cabs whizzing around him in every direction. Why, just recently the park commissioners bought a lot of new cement benches, but they placed every bench right under an electric light. Maybe the commissioners knew what they were doing and maybe they didn't, but so far as the park wooer is concerned, it was a bonehead play. A bench under an electric light gives him and his gal all the privacy of the president making his inaugural address.

Courting on top of the Fifth avenue bus is hampered considerably at times by the curiosity of fellow passengers and no young man can do a good job when he has to hold onto his hat, drop dimes in the register and pick himself up off the floor every time the bus turns a corner and swishes him off the seat. In the winter it is impossible to court on top of the bus without buying the lady a fur coat to begin with and this is risky business. After the lady gets the coat she may decide it is no use getting married.

But they keep on getting married somehow, by doing their courting in subway kiosks, "L" stations and in cars on the Coney Island switchback railroad. It isn't always possible for the young lady and gentleman to get each others names correctly on account of the noise but this can all be straightened out at the marriage license window where they can have a few words in private while the clerk is filling out the blank.

Some people are so dry that talking to them is like chewing a blotter.

Sometimes a woman is fooled by imitation pearls, but it takes a man to be fooled by imitation tears.

The wise farmer always dresses up his scarecrow in men's clothes. If he dolled it up in women's clothes, there'd surely be some old bird hanging around.

One person in the United States has an income of $5,000,000 a year, and yet the chances are that the neighbors think his wife looks dowdy.

April Fool's day isn't as widely observed as it used to be. After all, there are three hundred and sixty-four other opportunities.

Among the things you read about but never see is a crease in a fat man's trousers.
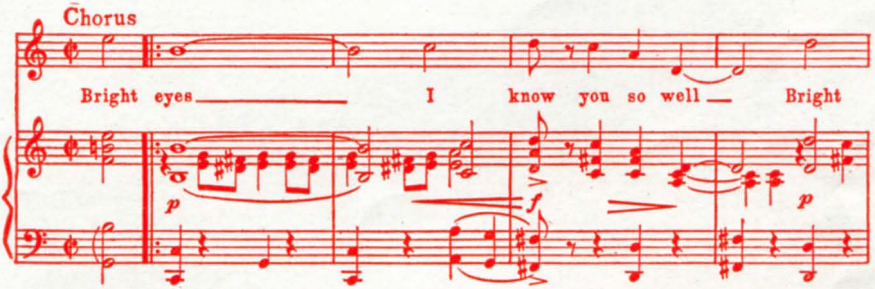


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